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A G O I D N E K :

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

NBI



# AQUIDNECK;

A POEM,

PRONOUNCED ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

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NEWPORT, R. I.

AUGUST XXIV. MDCCCXLVII.

WITH OTHER COMMEMORATIVE PIECES.

BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

PROVIDENCE:

CHARLES BURNETT, JR.

MDCCCXLVIII.

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W. M. P., Sept. 15, 1920.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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ACCORDING to the original expectation and design, the principal Poem in this little collection would have appeared under the same covers with the Oration pronounced by Hon. William Hunter, on the same occasion; but, Mr. Hunter having concluded to withhold from the public, for the present, the pleasure of seeing his interesting production in print, the author is left in the predicament of a *bob* without the *kite*, which should have borne it up on the popular breeze. For another reason the author regrets having to appear alone, namely, that the Oration would have explained beforehand many allusions in the Poem, — a deficiency which he has supplied, as well as he was able, by the historical notes contained in this volume.

The delay in the appearance of the Poem has been accounted for by what has already been stated.

For an account of the Library which gave occasion to the present performance, the author must refer his readers to Dr. David King's sketch of its history, in the introduction to the Redwood Catalogue.

A few pieces, mostly of a descriptive character, have been added, which it was deemed would harmonize with the main Poem, and which the author presumes he has characterized with sufficient indefiniteness in calling them *commemorative*.

NEWPORT, JULY 18, 1848.

## AQUIDNECK.



## A Q U I D N E C K .

A POEM.

HAIL, fair Aquidneck ! though thine ancient name <sup>1</sup>  
Sound strange, Rhode Island, in the mouth of Fame,  
It hath a music sweet to Fancy's ear,  
To Nature, once, and Nature's children dear.  
Time was when many a Narragansett heard <sup>2</sup>  
Melodious echoes in that homely word : —  
The swell and cadence of the lonely sea  
Along whose marge he wandered, proud and free ;  
The song the air sang where his arrow flew,  
The music waves made with his light canoe ;  
The sweet, though saddening moan of wind and wave,  
That, haunting sandy beach and pebbly cave,

As evening fell, with low and tender sound,  
Like the Great Spirit's voice, went murmuring round.  
And when, on Philip's fields, some warrior fell,<sup>3</sup>  
Or 'mid the Pequod's wild, exultant yell,  
Thy name and image, loved Aquidneck ! rose  
Between his dying senses and his foes,  
And fever-dreams the wounded exile bore  
Home to his wigwam-fire — his native shore.

“ Aquidneck ” — still it speaks to Fancy's eye  
Thy noble charms of sea and shore and sky : —  
The bold, bald rock that beetles o'er the surge, —  
The bold, green bank that hangs o'er ocean's verge, —  
The spray-wreathed headland, stretching toward the  
    deep, —  
The clouds that on thy far horizon sleep, —  
And all the beauty, majesty and grace,  
Thou hast of Nature's changeful, changeless face.<sup>4</sup>

Hail, pleasant isle ! as freshly shine to-day

The sky, the beach, the breaker and the bay,  
As when, slow-curling o'er the oakwood's green,  
Miantinomo's council-smoke was seen,<sup>5</sup>  
And in these waters bathed their locks of jet  
Thy dusky daughters, old Metaunamet!  
Though gone thy ancient name — thine ancient race —  
Not yet is fled the Genius of the place.  
Though the pale settler's axe and war's rude hand<sup>6</sup>  
Have felled the sylvan monarchs of the land, —  
And though, a skeleton, the sycamore<sup>7</sup>  
Moans in the wind, and finds his leaves no more ;—  
Though the light deer no more thy greensward tread,  
And many a song of olden days is fled ; —  
Yet there's a glory haunts the sapphire sky, —  
The emerald slope and swell, — not soon shall die.  
Old Ocean's bosom heaves with pride for thee,  
And bends the eye of Day with love to see  
Thine inland beauty and thy seaward sweep,  
O fair 'midst fairest daughters of the deep!<sup>8</sup>

Then hail, sweet spot! my heart's adopted home!  
Where'er my feet may rest, — my fancy roam;  
There's no green isle, on all the broad blue sea,  
Can win away the love I bear to thee.  
And shall I, then, in festive mood to-day,  
To aught less dear than thou devote the lay?  
Italian skies are not so fair as thine,  
Nor suns of Classic Greece more calmly shine.  
Not more serenely sweeps the Ægean wave  
Round Scio's rocky coast or Homer's grave;  
Nor yet where Orient Rhodes, thy namesake fair,<sup>9</sup>  
Scents with her roses all the Asian air.

Go, thoughtless, thankless ones, across the wave,  
And *find* a happier home — a greener grave!  
Where Naples sits enthroned above her bay,  
With coasts and islands stretching far away,  
And in the deep horizon blend to view  
Mediterranean and Cerulean blue,—  
When stills the vesper-bell the booming oar,

To little Nisita's or Ischia's shore<sup>10</sup>

Comes the degenerate son of Latian sires :

A transient gleam of pride his memory fires :

A Roman Brutus once had sojourned there,—

A Scipio breathed the consecrated air.

In that soft clime, as our sweet poet sings,<sup>11</sup>

(Whose fancy somewhat lightly touched the strings,)

“ The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud ;

“ The air seems never to have borne a cloud.”

Our bolder winds, thank God ! breathe freely here,

And sound the trump of Freedom, loud and clear.

And oh, how gorgeous, in our western skies,

Clouds that still see the sun, when daylight dies,

And in triumphal pomp the firmament

Receives the conqueror to his evening-tent !

Though no “ volcanoes send to heaven their curled

“ And solemn smoke, like altars of the world,”

Yet oft when, in our summer-sunset sky,

*Thy* mountain-ridges, Cloudland ! meet the eye,

Volcanoes, *there*, 'mid purple vineyards, pour  
The o'erflowing lava to the skyey shore.  
At Epomeo's feet the placid deep,<sup>12</sup>  
Soft as an infant's bosom, smiles in sleep.  
"Nature is delicate and graceful there,  
"The place's genius feminine and fair."  
More manly *here* the Genius of the place,  
Where northern grandeur blends with southern grace,  
Where manèd breakers prance across the bay,  
And o'er the rocks the spray-born rainbows play.

Aquidneck — Isle of Peace ! not alway rest,  
With thee, the wearied winds on Ocean's breast :  
Not alway airy fingers, stretching o'er  
The tuneful chords, unseen, from shore to shore,  
Glide, with low tones, across the watery floor.  
Yet in the maddest war of wind and wave,  
By frowning cliff or hoarsely echoing cave,  
Whispers transcendent Peace, her lofty form  
Beauty reveals, and Grace enrobes the storm.

But nobler native charms for thee I claim,  
And nobler memories cluster round thy name,  
Rhode Island — name to Freedom ever dear !  
Long dwelt in freedom *Nature's* Roman here, —  
Fresh as the woods and free as ocean's breeze,  
Lord of the isles and Sovereign of the seas.  
And when he went, — no blazing wigwam's flame  
Scared him away by night, — the white man came  
In peace and love — the red man gave his hand,  
And owned the Christian master of the land.<sup>13</sup>  
*He* in the forest-child no heathen saw,  
Beyond the pale of Christ's protecting law ;  
No curse of Canaan, on that dusky brow,  
Woke in his heart the exterminating vow ;  
For he had come to build, beside the sea,  
An altar to the God of Liberty ;  
He saw in man a Brother, and above  
Beheld, enthroned in light, a God of love.

*We* have a history, too, — a past, — and these,

And such, are our ancestral memories ;  
Nor need we seek alone in foreign climes  
Memorials of the early, twilight times.  
Speak ! thou stone mystery that o'ertopp'st the hill,  
Fort, baptistery, monument or mill,—  
Which, or what art thou ? say ! And is there, then,  
No *faithful* Mather's fact-compelling pen<sup>14</sup>  
To let men know both whence and what thou art,  
And set at rest the antiquarian heart ?  
How long hath Time held on his mighty march  
Since first arose thy time-defying arch ?  
Did thus the astonished Indian gaze on thee,  
A mystery staring at a mystery ?  
A son of Canaan, shall we rather say,<sup>15</sup>  
Viewing the work of brethren passed away ?  
Was it Phœnician, Norman, Saxon toil  
That sunk thy rock-based pillars in the soil ?  
How looked the bay—the forest and the hill,  
When first the sun beheld thy walls, old Mill ?  
Alas ! the antiquarian's dream is o'er,

Thou *art* an old stone windmill, — nothing more !<sup>16</sup>

Nay, thou *art* more, old pile ! thou mark'st the day,  
When from these haunts the red man went his way ;  
When the faint smoke of the last wigwam fire  
Melted in air, and rose the Christian spire.  
Since then, what transformations hast thou seen,  
Around thy height of yet unbroken green !  
A city rose — here Commerce moored her fleets,  
And roared and rattled through the narrow streets.  
Nor to the better wealth was Manhood blind ;  
The Muses here a genial seat could find,  
And Taste and Study reared this Temple of the mind.  
Then came rude War, and with far other fleets  
Whitened these waters, thronged these narrow streets ;  
And, scared by Vandalism's iron tread,  
Forth from their outraged haunt the Muses fled.<sup>17</sup>  
Peace came — but not the Peace that once was seen —  
Now in the silent streets the grass grew green, —  
*Those* streets, alas ! whose very pavement-stones<sup>18</sup>

Were purchased, and resounded, with the groans  
Of men and women haled across the waves  
To Freedom's home, to be the freeman's slaves !  
But, God be thanked ! now Peace *and* Freedom reign,  
Save where the mind hugs Passion's flower-wreathed  
chain,

And Heaven and Hope once more serenely smile  
On this health-breathing, beauty-haunted isle.

Hail, island-home of Peace and Liberty !  
Hail, breezy cliff, grey rock, majestic sea !  
Here man should walk with heavenward lifted eye,  
Free as the winds, and open as the sky !  
O thou who here hast had thy childhood's home,  
And ye who one brief hour of summer roam  
These winding shores to breathe the bracing breeze,  
And feel the freedom of the skies and seas,  
Think what exalted, sainted minds once found  
The sod, the sand ye tread on, holy ground !  
Think how an Allston's soul-enkindled eye

Drank in the glories of our sunset-sky !  
Think how a Berkeley's genius haunts the air,  
And makes our crags and waters doubly fair !  
Think how a Channing, musing by the sea,<sup>19</sup>  
Burned with the quenchless love of liberty !  
What work God witnessed, and that lonely shore,  
Wrought in him 'midst the elemental roar !  
How did that spot his youthful heart inform,  
Dear in the sunshine, — dearer in the storm.  
“ The Father reigneth, let the Earth rejoice  
“ And tremble ! ” — there he lifted up his voice  
In praise amid the tempest — Softened there  
By nature's beauty rose the lowly prayer.  
There as, in reverential sympathy,  
He watched the heavings of the giant sea,  
Stirred by the Power that ruled that glorious din,  
Woke the dread consciousness of power within !

They are gone hence — the large and lofty souls ;  
And still the rock abides — the ocean rolls ;

And still where Reason rears its beacon-rock,  
The Powers of Darkness dash with angry shock.  
In many an anxious vigil, pondering o'er  
Man's destiny on this our western shore,  
Genius of Berkeley! to thy morning-height  
We lift the piercing prayer — "What of the night?"  
And this thy Muse, responsive, seems to say:  
"Not yet is closed the Drama or the Day :<sup>20</sup>  
"Act well thy part, how small soe'er it be,  
"Look not to Heaven alone — Heaven looks to thee!"  
Spirit of Channing! to thy calm abode,  
We, doubtful plodders of this lowly road,  
Call: "From thy watch-tower say, for thou canst see,  
"How fares the wavering strife of liberty?"  
And the still air replies, and the green sod,  
By thee beneath these shades, in musing, trod, —  
And these, then lonely walls where oft was caught<sup>21</sup>  
The electric spark of high, heroic thought,—  
And yonder page that keeps for ever bright,  
Of that great thought the burning, shining light,—

All these, with voice of power—of God,—to-day  
Come to the soul, and calmly, strongly say :  
“ Be faithful unto death in Freedom’s strife,  
“ And on thy head shall rest the crown of life.”

O Freedom ! though men take thy name in vain,  
And bring strange incense to thy holy fane,—  
Though despots in thy name on thee have trod,  
And anarchs hurled defiance at their God,—  
Though self-styled freemen, spurning Law’s control,  
Have hugged the chains that cankered all the soul ;—  
Yet shall thy children not the less revere  
Thine awful form, thy lofty mandates hear.  
For what were manhood — reverence — without thee,  
God’s eldest-born and image, Liberty ?

Not here, at least, oh, let not here the soul  
Yield up its thought to any low control ;—  
Not here where, in the anthem of the deep,  
And of the chainless winds that o’er it sweep,

The spirit cries with multitudinous voice :

“ O man ! be free, be reverent, and rejoice ! ”

Not here shall man, God's offspring, formed to rise

And hold communion with his native skies,

Cling to the creed that Ignorance is bliss,

And Indolence is glory ! — not in this

Great Presence, where the vast, unresting sea

Wakes “ thoughts that wander through eternity,”

Shall Conscience own a law save His whose will

Saith unto Passion's billows : “ Peace ! be still ! ”

But here shall Reason, heaven-awakened, soar,

On wings of Faith, to wonder and adore.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



## A RECOLLECTION OF THE ILLINOIS PRAIRIES.

---

Ye boundless Prairies of the West !  
When late my wandering footsteps pressed,  
For the first time, your fresh, green sod,  
How rose my swelling heart to God ;  
Whose blue, illimitable sky,—  
Great Nature's mild, maternal eye, —  
So pure, benignant, and serene,  
Looked down upon the silent scene,  
And seemed with tranquil joy to brood  
O'er all the lovely solitude !

Ye boundless Prairies of the West !  
Where earth upheaves her teeming breast !

Where few, as yet, and far between,  
Her children in repose are seen,  
But where prophetic Fancy's glance  
Sees myriads crowd the fair expanse ;  
When first my eye, enraptured, fell  
On each far upland slope and swell,  
When, spread on every side, I saw,  
With mingled thrill of love and awe,  
The green earth rolling like a sea,  
Words cannot speak the extasy  
With which my spirit rose to Thee,  
My Father ! whose Almighty hand  
In billows rolled the unbroken land.  
Thy step below — thy smile above —  
Did I not feel, thy name is Love ?  
My Father ? Mine ? And may I be  
Permitted thus to think of Thee ?  
O yes ; the same impartial Love,  
That bends, in boundless blue, above  
Yon vast expanse of hill and plain,

Where solitude and silence reign,  
And which with food and gladness fills  
“The cattle on a thousand hills,” —  
The God whose power and goodness feed  
The lark and lambkin on the mead, —  
He, in his goodness and his power,  
Hath brought me to this scene and hour ;  
And while with holy awe I fear,  
I feel a Father’s love is near.

Ye far-off friends of mine, who roam,  
This hour, perchance, by ocean’s foam,  
Were ye but here to share with me  
My laboring bosom’s ecstacy,  
Yon upland meadows to behold,  
Serenely bright in evening’s gold,  
To see the red sun sink to rest  
On yon green ocean’s billowy breast,  
To see the moon with silver beam  
O’er earth’s wide waste of waters gleam, —

To share with you a scene like this,  
Methinks it were too great a bliss.

Ye boundless Prairies of the West !  
When in this toil-worn, care-worn breast  
The heart would else lie dull and cold,  
And life seem drear, and hope grow old,  
And faith in God's great goodness seem  
A miserable, mocking dream, —  
Methinks the memory of the hour,  
When first and last I felt your power,  
Should bid again my bosom thrill,  
My eyes with tears of rapture fill,  
And lift my heart in ecstasy,  
O God of love ! my God ! to Thee.

JUNE, 1843.

## A SABBATH MORNING AT PASCAGOULA,

ON THE GULF OF MEXICO.<sup>22</sup>

---

Sweet, sweet Pascagoula ! so lovely and lone !  
Fain would I, at parting, breathe back one faint tone  
Of the witching, wild music that floats round thy shore,  
And will float through my memory, till memory's no more.  
Fair hours ! with what peace o'er my musings ye steal,  
Too deep to confess, yet too dear to conceal !  
O Nature ! thy Sabbath — I spent it with thee,  
In the still, solemn woods — by the silent, glad sea.  
As sweet to my ear was the hymn of that morn,  
As if angels were singing creation just born.  
And angels *were* singing : Thine angels, O Thou,  
To whom winds and waves chant, and the trembling  
leaves bow !

Though no human priest's accents arose on the air,  
Yet the presence, O God ! of thy spirit was there.  
The pine, with its ocean-like, spirit-like tone,  
How plainly it told that I was not alone !  
And was not that green, old, moss-garlanded tree  
Arrayed in its robes as a priest unto Thee ?  
And did not a sweet choral melody rise  
From woodland and waters, from shore and from skies ?  
And on the far marge of each sandy, green isle,  
Did not the calm spirit of gratitude smile ?  
And with her own lips did not Peace kiss the strand,  
As the wave glided silently up o'er the sand ?

Sweet scenes ! happy hours ! I must bid you farewell !  
Yet aye in my memory your spirit shall dwell.  
And often at eve, when the moon of young May  
Beams down on mine own northern waves far away ;  
And often at morn, when the breeze and the light  
Draw the curtain away from the dreams of the night ;  
And often at noon, when the birds and the bees

Hum a drowsy, sweet tune in the grass and the trees ;  
In the dim, solemn woods — by the silent, glad sea,  
Sweet, sweet Pascagoula, I'll still think of thee !

MAY 4, 1843.

TO THE MISSISSIPPI. <sup>23</sup>

Majestic stream ! along thy banks,  
In silent, stately, solemn ranks,  
The forests stand, and seem with pride  
To gaze upon thy mighty tide ;  
As when, in olden, classic time,  
Beneath a soft, blue, Grecian clime,  
Bent o'er the stage, in breathless awe,  
Crowds thrilled and trembled, as they saw  
Sweep by the pomp of human life,  
The sounding flood of passion's strife,  
And the great stream of history  
Glide on before the musing eye.

There, row on row, the gazers rise ;  
Above, look down the arching skies ;  
O'er all those gathered multitudes  
Such deep and voiceful silence broods,  
Methinks one mighty heart I hear  
Beat high with hope, or quake with fear : —  
E'en so yon groves and forests seem  
Spectators of this rushing stream.  
In sweeping, circling ranks they rise,  
Beneath the blue, o'erarching skies ;  
They crowd around and forward lean,  
As eager to behold the scene.  
Aye, these, to see, 'neath heaven's blue dome,  
Great Nature's spectacle, have come, —  
To see, proud river ! sparkling wide,  
The long procession of thy tide, —  
To stand and gaze, and feel with thee  
All thy unuttered ecstasy.  
It seems as if a heart did thrill  
Within yon forests, deep and still,

So soft and ghost-like is the sound  
That stirs their solitudes profound.

\* \* \* \* \*

JUNE, 1843.

THE LOST CLOAK. <sup>24</sup>


---

*Air—"Old Arm Chair."*

---

I've lost it! I've lost it! My frien's, 'tis nae joke  
 To lose, in mid-winter, a cosy <sup>o</sup>auld cloak.  
 Like a frien<sup>d</sup> it had served me by night and by day,  
 And I fondly had tho<sup>ught</sup> it w<sup>ould</sup> last me for aye;  
 But I've lost it! I've lost it! oh terrible stroke  
 To lose <sup>such</sup> a faithfu<sup>l</sup> <sup>o</sup>auld camblet cloak! -

How oft in the wintry and pitiless night,  
 That <sup>o</sup>auld shaggy black dog-skin drawn close round my  
 sight,  
 I've braved the worst wrath of the wind and the weather!  
 Oh, my <sup>o</sup>auld cloak an<sup>d</sup> I ha<sup>ve</sup> been fast frins <sup>and o f</sup> thegither!  
 But I've lost it! I've lost it! my heart is not oak,  
 And I mourn for my faithfu<sup>l</sup> <sup>o</sup>auld camblet cloak!

At ilka fresh moan o' the searching blast,  
 My faithful old cloak wad but cling mair fast,  
 And tho' at times, when the wind blew high,  
 That wee cape's corner would whip my eye,  
 Yet I've lost it! I've lost it! And oh, 'tis nae joke  
 To love and to lose sic a faithful auld cloak!

To steal an auld cloak when the weather is cold,  
 (So writes the wise preacher, famed monarch of old)<sup>25</sup>  
 Is like singing gay songs to a breaking heart.  
 Don't sing me: "The best of frins maun part"! .  
 Fu' weel I ken it! — My heart is not broke,  
 But I've lost and for ever a faithfu' auld cloak.

Days — weeks — rolled by — and I hoped to see  
 That faithfu' auld garment come back to me :  
 Whole months have I waited — I've waited in vain,  
 I never shall see that auld crony again.  
 A voice from within me hath terribly spoke :  
 You've lost your faithfu' auld camblet cloak !

It never had entered my credulous heart  
 That friens<sup>ie</sup> sic as we could be fated to part.  
 Hope whispered, “ That easy auld frim’<sup>end</sup> on thy back  
 Shall never desert nor decay ” — but alack !  
 ’Twas only a dream, and I bitterly woke  
 To the loss of my faithfu’ auld camblet cloak !

They said it was hamely ; but oh ! around  
 My warmest affections that cloak had wound ;  
 They ca’d it scanty — ’twas short, I know ;  
 ’Twad hae been lang enough ere I’d done with it, tho’.  
 But I’ll have it *næ longer* — I’ve lost it — och !  
 I’ve lost sic a faithfu’ auld camblet cloak.

How I loved that auld cloak, and it was not because  
 The weel-worn camblet *sae* glossy-like was ;  
 I loved it, but not for its beautiful blue ;  
 I loved it because it was warm and true ;  
 But alas ! our best hopes are but pillars of smoke,  
 Fareweel to thee, faithfu’ auld camblet cloak !

AN OLD MAN'S SENSATIONS  
AT THE  
RETURN OF SPRING.

---

I feel thy breath, O Spring !  
The fanning of thy wing  
On these old withered cheeks — this furrowed brow ;  
The childhood of the year,  
Its morning hour is here,  
And mine own childhood breathes around me now.

That tinkling rivulet  
Goes singing, dancing yet,  
Still sparkling, gleesome, to the sparkling sky ;  
It murmurs in my ear  
A song I love to hear,  
A sad, yet soothing strain of years gone by.

“Gone by”! ah no! for still  
My feebler pulses thrill  
With childhood’s ecstasies of hope and joy;  
Though scarce this worn-out frame  
Can bear the darting flame,  
It lives and leaps — once more I am a boy!

A painted butterfly  
Has just gone dancing by:  
Ah! with him fluttered back those happy hours,  
When, a light-hearted boy,  
I chased the flying toy,  
And sank, at last, on earth’s soft lap of flowers.

Aye, childhood, thou art here, —  
Why art thou then most near,  
Bright morn of life, when death’s still night draws nigh?  
Is it that then the soul  
Feels, near her earthly goal,  
The heaven that floated round the infant’s eye?

Yes, blessed Saviour ! thus  
Hast thou declared to us ;  
For child-like spirits only, heaven can see.  
And to a soul new-born,  
A second childhood's morn  
Shall be the daybreak of eternity !

MOBILE, ALA. MARCH 26, 1843.

THE LOST CHURCH. <sup>26</sup>

Had ye a voice, ye venerable trees,

What thrilling tales ye'd tell! Yet, even now,

Oft as, at eve, the sad autumnal breeze

Mysteriously stirs each trembling bough, —

And oft as spring renews your leafy green,

And oft as kindling summer round you glows,

And oft as winter clothes the naked scene,

And crowns this hill-top with his weight of snows, —

And at each hour of day, — when silent noon

Broods o'er the town, the river, and the hill, —

And when, at noon of night, the harvest-moon

Silvers your dark-green branches, soft and still, —

And when the morning sun, behind your height,  
    Wakes in their rustling nests the feathered choir, —  
And when the dying day's last lingering light  
    Touches the topmost twigs with golden fire, —

Strange sounds and spirit-like are heard, that chime  
    With all the winds which through your branches sigh ;  
Voices that murmur of the olden time,  
    The ghosts of generations long passed by.

As, pensively, with reverent step and slow,  
    I climb this hallowed hill, a stranger here,  
The thought of all the dead that sleep below  
    Brings to my eye the tributary tear.

Up this green steep, beneath this deep green shade,  
    Each Sabbath morn and noon, for many a year,  
Came son and sire, matron and village-maid,  
    And bowed in prayer, and sang God's praises here.

Here stood for childhood's brow the sacred fount ;

Here manhood on its God its troubles cast ;

Here age climbed up, as to a Pisgah-mount, —

Here paused, as to its last, long home it passed.

In life's august procession all passed on

To fill yon silent chambers of the dead ;

And now the holy house itself is gone,

Whose aisles once echoed to their frequent tread.

Yet oft, beneath these green old oaks, e'en now,

Forms of the buried past, unseen, sweep by ;

And oft the pilgrim, on this hill's lone brow,

Feels a great cloud of witnesses draw nigh.

And though the old walls no more this summit crown,

Still float strange tones of an unearthly bell, —

Each Sabbath morn, and noon, and eve float down

O'er town, and stream, and hill, and distant dell.

And though from out this green oak-shade no more  
The tall old spire shall rise to meet the sky,  
Long from the spot shall Memory heavenward soar,  
While Faith, with lifted finger, points on high.

BUCKSPORT, ME. SEPT. 1846.

L' ENVOI AILE.<sup>27</sup>

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When fields all bare and Wintry lie,  
And over-head the cold clouds frown,  
The God of mercy, from on high,  
Sends a soft, snowy covering down.

The gauzy flakes, in stillness, fall  
On tree, and roof, and jutting eave ;  
A downy mantle over all,  
Of magic handy-work, they weave.<sup>28</sup>

Calm as, in death, an infant sleeps,  
Beneath her shroud the pale earth lies,  
Yet here and there a myrtle peeps,  
And speaks immortal springs and skies.

O'er meadow, and by mountain side,  
Her *table-cloth* of spotless white —  
Now Mother Earth spreads far and wide,  
And pure hearts *feast* upon the sight.

The hay-stacks all about the land,  
In bold rotundity that rise,  
Like bridal cakes,<sup>29</sup> well frosted stand,  
To glad the cattle's greedy eyes.

See the small Snow-Bird, hopping round !  
A minstrel-mendicant, he comes ;  
Where living thing none else is found,  
He from God's table pecks the crumbs.

Chance reader of this flying leaf,  
Whoe'er thou art, this night to thee  
There comes, with message big, though brief,  
A heavenly Snow-Bird, Charity.

He begs not for himself alone  
The crumb of comfort, and the mite  
Of pity, but for them that moan,  
His homeless "little ones," to-night.

God hears the ravens when they cry ;  
He hears the little sparrow's moan,  
When famished 'neath a wintry sky,  
She on the house-top sits alone.

But wheresoe'er, in want and woe  
And sin, his human offspring be,  
Thither, O man ! thy care must go —  
Thy word — thy help — God waits for thee.

Children of PROVIDENCE, whose lot  
In pleasant, prosperous scenes is cast,  
Listen this night and hear, in thought,  
The moaning of misfortune's blast !

Lo ! many a famished spirit comes,  
Enters, unseen, this cheerful hall,  
And from these tables craves the crumbs —  
Let *golden* crumbs of mercy fall !

Hear what our little Snow-Bird sings,  
As through this hall, with trembling voice,  
He twitters round on paper wings, —  
Oh, hear and answer and rejoice !

Ye who poor starving souls would fill,  
And taste, yourselves, Heaven's best delight,  
To you our bird presents his *bill*,  
Audit, accept, and pay at sight.

BUCHENHEIM.<sup>30</sup>

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The wailing wind, O Buchenheim!

Moans round thy halls, and through thy bowers;

Once more pale Autumn's sober time

Looks on dead leaves and faded flowers.

Yet not for summer-joys alone,—

For faded flowers and withered leaves—

For lost perfumes and songsters flown,—

The sighing gale of Autumn grieves.

The birds that used to come and sing,

In all these woods, their blithesome strain,—

Whose carols hailed each new-born Spring,—

Have winged their way across the main.

Soon shall their song, in Memory's ear,  
By wanderers heard in foreign clime,  
Win back their steps to scenes so dear,  
And make thee blest, fair Buchenheim !

## NEW ENGLAND PENTECOSTAL HYMN.

Sung in Boston, May 25, 1847.

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When summer crowned the glowing year,  
 And bade man's heart rejoice,  
 Came Judah's tribes from far and near,  
 With glad and grateful voice.  
 They brought their gifts — they built their bowers  
 In pleasant Palestine : —  
 We heard it all in childhood's hours —  
 In days and years lang syne.

With festive hearts and festal rites  
 Jerusalem was blest ;  
 For to his old ancestral heights  
 Came many a welcome guest.

They sang His name with grateful praise,  
Who blessed the corn and vine ; —  
We heard it all in childhood's days —  
In days and years lang syne.

Year after year — age after age —  
The solemn joy came round,  
And from Jehovah's heritage  
Went up the grateful sound.  
And though enthralled, or exiled long  
From Zion's holy shrine,  
Remembrance dwelt with yearning strong  
In days and years lang syne.

And oft, when May its first-fruits brought,  
And Pentecost passed by,  
Expectant Israel fondly thought  
Her summer, too, was nigh.  
For though the Gentile held his towers  
Within her walls divine,

Hope saw in vision glorious hours  
And years like those lang syne.

Moriah ! in thy place of prayer,  
The hour is coming now ;  
A boding hush is on the air,  
And on each reverent brow.  
In waiting stillness there *they* bend  
Around a viewless shrine,  
With whose fresh hopes and memories blend  
Old dreams of years lang syne.

Nor waited they in vain — it came, —  
In that momentous hour, —  
The rushing wind — the tongue of flame —  
The spirit and the power.  
'Tis lang — lang syne, my friends —  
'Tis lang — lang syne —  
But we'll ne'er forget our mighty debt  
To the men of Palestine !

The seed they sowed in tears and blood, —

What fruit untold it bore!

That sent new seed o'er many a flood

And distant, darkened shore.

'Twas wafted to our own loved land

Across a stormy brine,

And planted well by Plymouth strand

In days and years lang syne.

That seed has grown a mighty tree—

That tree is growing yet —

And we, the children of the free,

Beneath its shade are met,

Our Pentecostal feast to keep,

And in our souls enshrine

The sainted dead who fell asleep

In days and years lang syne.

“OUR COUNTRY — RIGHT OR WRONG.”<sup>31</sup>

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“ Our country — right or wrong ” ! —

That were a traitor’s song —

Let no true patriot’s pen such words indite !

Who loves his native land,

Let him, with heart, voice, hand,

Say : “ Country or no country — speed the right ! ”

“ Our Country — right or wrong ” ! —

O Christian men ! how long

Shall He who bled on Calvary plead in vain ?

How long, unheeded, call

Where War’s gashed victims fall,

While sisters, widows, orphans, mourn the slain !

“ Our Country —right or wrong” !—

O man of God, be strong !

Take God’s whole armor for the holy fray.

Gird thee with Truth ;—make Right

Thy breastplate :—in the might

Of God stand steadfast in the evil day!

“ Our Country —right or wrong” !—

Each image of the throng

Of ghastly woes that rise upon thy sight,

O let it move thy heart,

Man ! man ! whoe’er thou art,

To say : “ God guide our struggling country right ! ”

NEWPORT, 1847.

## NOTES.



NOTES TO THE POEM OF  
AQUIDNECK.

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<sup>1</sup> Aquidneck, the old Indian name of this island, meant "the Isle of Peace."

<sup>2</sup> The Indian inhabitants of the island, generally, are here alluded to under the name of Narragansetts, as the Aquidneckians were probably a part of that tribe; and moreover, only a few years before the white settlement, they had been defeated in a war with the main body of the tribe on the main land, and the island had become subject to Canonieus and Miantinomo, the sachems of the north and sovereigns of the bay.

<sup>3</sup> It may be more than a poetic license to suppose that Aquidneckian warriors fought and fell under Philip, sachem of the Wampanoags: that they and the Narragansetts were at times in alliance against the Pequods of Connecticut, is a historical fact. Interesting and somewhat copious reminiscences of things generally alluded to in the text may be found in the notes to the poem of "Yamoyden."

<sup>4</sup> There was a vague recollection in this line of some writer's expression about the human mind — "changed in all, and yet in all the same."

<sup>5</sup> Although this chief resided at Providence, it is *poetically possible* that he may have, at some pleasant times in summer, held a *palaver* on Rhode Island with his friend *Wonnametaunamet*, whose name is also mentioned in the next line but one (contracted for the sake of the measure), and after whom is named Tonomy or Tomony (now known as Tammany) Hill, near Newport.

<sup>6</sup> It ought to be stated, that not the British only, but the islanders themselves, cut down the woods on the island for fuel, when wood was twenty dollars, or almost any thing, a cord.

<sup>7</sup> The old distich called the staple of Rhode Island,

" Button-wood trees  
And mutton and gees."

<sup>8</sup> Bryant, in his "Meditation on Rhode Island Coal," thus describes his first sight of the island :

" Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,  
At once a lovely isle before me lay ;  
Smooth, and with tender verdure covered o'er,  
*As if just ris'n from its calm inland bay.*"

<sup>9</sup> The name of *Rhode* Island was undoubtedly derived from its resemblance, in situation and other respects, to the Isle of Rhodes. The roses of Rhodes, which gave that island its Greek name, diffuse, it is said, their fragrance for miles round.

" At the general court held at Newport on ye fifteenth of ye first month ;

" It is ordered by this court, that the island commonly called Aquethneck" (the name was variously spelt) "shall be from henceforth called the Isle of Rhodes, or Rhode Island."

<sup>10</sup> These lovely islands are somewhat noted, historically also, for consultations held there by Brutus and Scipio, and others of the old conquerors of the world.

<sup>11</sup> Pinckney. The couplet following the quotation was suggested by a parlour criticism made on Pinckney's lines in playful mockery:—"The winds are awed, nor dare, &c.?"—"I pity them;"—"The air . . . never borne a cloud?"—"So much the worse for it."

<sup>12</sup> Epomeo is a mountain on Ischia.

<sup>13</sup> Truth requires us to tame a little, in the notes, the heroic tone of the text, by stating that the natives sold out and went off for *forty fathom of white beads, ten coats and twenty hoes* (more or less). See appendix to Elton's edition of "Callender's Centennial Discourse."

<sup>14</sup> Faith-full (not faithful) means, here, *full of credulity*.

<sup>15</sup> See Dr. Stiles's hypothesis, that the American Indians are Canaanites, "who fled from the face of Joshua, the robber, the son of Nun," according to the alleged Phenician inscription,—and also Longfellow's poem on the armed skeleton dug up at Fall River.

<sup>16</sup> Seldom has the Quixotism of antiquaries or their adversaries encountered such a formidable windmill as the old stone one in Newport. It presents a puzzle as hard as the materials of which it is composed and cemented. While it has confessedly been appropriated, in modern times, successively to the purposes of a windmill, a hay loft, and a powder house, the question whether it was originally designed for a fort, a watch-tower, a baptistery, or a mere windmill, has proved more difficult than any other—except the question when and by whom it was erected. Gov. Benedict Arnold, in his will, under date of 1677, repeatedly calls it "my stone-built wind-

mill." He directs that his body be buried "near the line or path from my dwelling house to my stone-built windmill." Some infer, perhaps too confidently, from this language, that he built the mill; and those who recollect the pulling down of the chimneys of his house, say that it was built with precisely the same kind of stone and cement. The structure was on the upper corner of Arnold's estate, which extended from Mill street to Greene, and from the harbour to East Touro-street; the dwelling house being just behind the site of the present Rhode Island Union Bank. Peter Easton writes in 1663, "This year we built the first windmill." May not this have been Arnold's stone mill? But Edward Pelham, who became possessed by marriage of the mill lot, calls the structure, in his will of 1741, simply "*an old stone windmill,*" standing in the lot "known as the mill field or upper field." Why should he not have called it Arnold's mill, if *he* had built it? A hundred unanswerable questions may be asked on any supposition, and the author leaves his readers as wise as they were before.

<sup>17</sup> The reference here is, of course, to the rude treatment the Redwood books received from the enemy during the occupation of the town.

<sup>18</sup> I find in the records of the doings of our general assembly, an act, dated February 27, 1729, "laying a duty of three pounds per head on all slaves imported in this colony;" and another, dated the third Monday of June, 1729, ordaining "that henceforward all moneys that shall be raised in this colony by the aforesaid act shall be employed, *the one moiety thereof for the use of the town of Newport, towards paving and mending the streets thereof*——"

<sup>19</sup> The rest of this paragraph is almost a versification of that oft-quoted passage in Dr. Channing's Dedication Discourse at

Newport, where he describes how much he owed to our coast scenery. He says:—"Yonder beach, the roar of which has so often mingled with the worship of this place, my daily resort, dear to me in the sunshine, still more attractive in the storm. Seldom do I visit it now, without thinking of the work, which there, in the sight of that beauty, in the sound of those waves, was carried on in my soul. No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amid the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within."

<sup>20</sup> A reference, of course, to the last of Berkeley's well-known verses written while at Newport;

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The *four* first acts already past,  
A *fifth* shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

<sup>21</sup> Dr. Channing says, in the discourse already quoted, "I had two noble places of study. One was yonder beautiful edifice, now so frequented and so useful as a public library; then so deserted, that I spent day after day, and sometimes week after week, amidst its dusty volumes, without interruption from a single visitor."

GENERAL NOTE. In the fourth volume of the Rhode Island Historical Society's Collections, containing Callender's celebrated Century Lecture, the reader will find that Professor Elton has furnished many very interesting facts respecting the early history of this island; a subject which, we trust, will ere long find some one amongst us with the time, taste, and talent to take it up, and unfold its wealth of various and curious interest.

## NOTES TO MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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<sup>22</sup> Pascagoula is the favorite watering place of the Mobilians, and lies on a bay which is separated from the Gulf of Mexico by an island called Horn Island, sixteen miles long and only half-a-mile broad. In summer time a certain mysterious music is often heard there, which has been ascribed to various sources. Some suppose it to come from the drum-fish, others from a rock under water, others from a certain conformation of the shores, and some love to fancy it the murmur of an Indian ghost, or the wail of a tribe there driven into the sea. I never, myself, had the felicity of hearing it with my bodily ears, though I listened repeatedly under what seemed to me must be the most favorable circumstances. The evening on which I was rowed across the bay, on my return, was one of the most pure, balmy, heaven-breathing hours I ever spent with Nature; and as I looked up to the brilliant, studded sky, and down into a second, seemingly separated from it only by a thin, transparent film, so that our little skiff seemed to hang in the centre of a perfect ærial sphere, and as I listened to the far echo of our booming oars, I said to myself, "Ah! I have caught the secret of the mysterious music.

'Tis but the music of the spheres,  
Made audible to mortal ears."

<sup>23</sup> The river begins now to assert its name — “Father of waters.” By its frequent bends and sweeps, it forms a series of noble lakes and seas. The woods of the distant shores rise majestically in terraces, formed by the successive underminings and sinkings of the banks which look over each other in silent and solemn grandeur down on the expanse of waters. They appear as smooth and regular as if trimmed by the hand of art. And so they were — the art of the Great Architect — the Great *Jardinier* (if one may without irreverence say so) of the universe. *Extract from Ms. Journal.*

<sup>24</sup> This piece is also *commemorative* of a fact.

<sup>25</sup> “As one that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart.”

<sup>26</sup> These verses were written while men were in the act of dragging down a venerable meeting-house (previously beheaded of its steeple top, by the guillotine of these levelling times) from the oak-crowned hill, where it had so long stood sentinel over one of the most picturesque of New England villages, Bucksport, on the Penobscot. The title of the piece, and probably, in some degree, the tone, were caught from Schiller’s “*Verlorene Kirche*.”

<sup>27</sup> Written for a Fair in behalf of the Bethel, in Providence, in the winter of 1846.

<sup>28</sup> “He giveth snow like wool.” Psalms.

<sup>29</sup> “Sweet day, so cool, so calm and bright,  
The *bridal* of the earth and sky!” *Herbert.*

<sup>30</sup> Buchenheim, “Beech-grove,” (from which is said to come the name Buckingham,) designates here a beautiful seat on the banks of the Seekonk, five miles from Providence.

<sup>31</sup> This little piece was suggested, partly by reading some verses bearing the burden quoted in the text, and partly by the first news of our battles in Mexico.





